Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVII. **Philadelphia, March 10, 1838.** **Whole No. 867.**

SERENADE.

BY JOHN N. WILTON.

Awake love, awake, for the autumn bright,
And the moon and winds are still!
Awake while the spirit of the night,
Guards the valley, deep, and hill.
Silent is all, save the sound that comes,
Like the flash of a spirit's wing,
And like now on the air that hums,
From every grove a thing.
Wake from the chambers love,
Wake, while I sing;
Into the shadows, love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

Our song shall sweep, o'er the silence deep,
And the strains on the ether swimming,
Shall awake the heart of the sleeping maid
Like a chorus of angels hymning.
The hour is wake, and the hour is free,
Wake, love, wake, for the maiden moon,
Is stepping since the last;
Night's queen is lonely and her light will soon
Beam through the latticed on thee.
The dew drops now on her silver sleeve,
Are like gems in the night,
They cluster thick, and the forest green,
Seems laden with stars to-night.
Wake from the chambers, love,
Wake while I sing;
Into the numbers, love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

Wake, love, wake, for the maiden moon,
Is stepping since the last;
Night's queen is lonely and her light will soon
Beam through the latticed on thee.
Away o'er flower, o'er brake and bower,
The music sweetly sweeping,
Will waken the tops on the sunspired trees,
They will wake to the sound of song.
Awake love, wake, ere the morning breaks,
And the moon rolls on to another zone;
Wake, ere the night is gone.
Wake, love, wake,
Wake while I sing,
Into the shadows, love,
Thy sweet voice fling.

From Lit. Pa. Museum.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

OR POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY.

"Oh! mother, she looked so beautiful.

"Yes, yes," said the aged crone, letting the thread slip from her fingers, while fear and wild delight rose of the monotonous wound of the spinning wheel, that had been turning through the green oak, since early morning. "Fine feathers make fine birds: what was she dressed in?"

"I do not know, mother, I only looked at her face. I should be as happy as a queen if she would only be one as soon as I am."

"It would be a thousand pities not to make you happy," exclaimed the old woman, sweet cake and putting aside the rose-bushes, whose wild leaves had scratched her in a fragrant shower, a very lovely girl stepped before them.

"And, so it would make you as happy as a queen to be married to-day? Why, I shall be queen myself, at least, all the fortune-tellers assert that such a thing will come to pass. But, I say, good mother, will you let your little girl come with me?"

Mimi's face brightened with eagerness, she looked alternately from the stranger, and at her grandmother, the red, round cheek growing redder every moment.

"I will take good care of her," continued the youthful Princess, for such she was. She shall be my little sister-in-law. What, I do not know as but I have such a fancy for the little creature, that the same robe could not control a heart that would not leap to the music of her voice. Shall I have her, dear doll as natural curls down the sunburnt cheeks?"

"You do not know," said the old woman, "no I dare say I do not, but I know that she is half a dozen other fancies; but you may have her if you like, and welcome for all the charge. I am too old to work for her but may sell now; and I suppose you will give me some thing for her services. I am glad she is gone."

"Oh! yes, cried the Princess, hastily unstringing an embroidered purse from her girdle, and taking a few pieces of gold; give them to the old woman, "now Mimi, I shall be without thanks; and, after holding them for a moment in the sunshine, deposited them in her huge pocket.

"Let the child speak herself; Mimi, will you go with the Princess?"

The only answer the child made was to put her hand into that of the lady, and to look smilingly in her face.

"Silence gives consent," said Sophie, for it was the Princess of the hereditary Prince Elector of Hanover, who now stood before them.

"She shall go with me then, and as we stay here for three hours, I can have her practise her words, and at the end of that time, she can be parted the bright hair on the forehead, and kissed the little shadow with delight almost as childish as her own.

Her mother was quite a girl, and the character of her breath was that of a girl; but her cheek was blooming, and the mouth was rosy, and the clear blue eyes sparkled as if they had never known a deeper shadow than that of their own soft and long lashes. She was a child in her happy face, and no wonder that little Mimi looked upon it with a sudden love and confidence. Poor child, she had known cold, hunger and neglect, and the angry blow—all life's small share of loneliness and pain, but never the heart—in the gladness which, even under the harshest circumstances, seems inseparable from childhood.

"And so she will leave me—her mother left me before, said the old woman, "and you, rich and noble as you are, may take her, and as for my old age is to be taken from me for a few hours' work, and I am to be left alone for the day, you imagine how sad it will be to sit under the old tree alone, but it matters not, all are ungrateful alike. But do not bother another time, prayer, I shall have plenty of time to make them sorry for their unkindness and desolate years ago.

Sophie started at the aged woman's vehemence, and Mimi, trembling, clung to the folds of her robe; but the gentle Princess hesitated, but the fear painted on the child's face determined her.

"I cannot believe," said she, in her own sweet voice, "I have been thoughtless in asking you to leave your child, but I will try to be kind to her, very kind, and perhaps she may teach me how to act yourself.

The look, the manner, touched the old woman, and her harsh features relaxed into an expression of the deepest sadness. "It was true," was strong, exclaimed she, "I ought to thank God that I have found a friend, but I have been enough have I to give her, but when I am gone too much starved. So take her lady, and I consider by myself." and the crone turned away, and began spinning, but the Princess saw that there were large tears in the eyes too proud to shed them.

"Shall I leave her with you," said Sophie.

No," returned the other, and the child from whom she had been so unnaturally estranged, must be herself in the Princess robe. The Princess took out that she could be to you a stranger—you, who have youth, beauty, and the love of your husband, and child, and I can ask adherence to them. Take her with you, she may give you sweetness and fine clothes, from the which has little more than harsh words and blows. Again she turned towards her wheel, but the struggle was over, and the tears rolled down her wrinkled cheek.

Sophie was nothing of human misery, but the kind heart was warm within her. She took Angelina's hand, and the child looked up with love to the task of consolation, but the exultant expression was gone.

"You do not know," said the old woman, mastering her emotion, as only the strong mind can master it, "you do not know how much there is to make you sorry, but none like that. Poverty and toil are hard, but not so hard as dishonor. Poverty has made that face child a blank, and toil has given the arm strength, but my old eyes long after her's have been closed, and my heart long after her's have been closed, and my heart long after her's have been closed, and my old age is to be taken from me for a few hours' work, and I am to be left alone for the day. Well, well, I must not be hasty, but I am old, and you must help me."

"Mother," said the young wife of George of Hanover, knelt by the bedside. The floor was damp, and the child's face fixed there print upon the surface.

"The child will be soiled," muttered the old woman, "but it matters not. Lady you are paler than when I last saw you. I know the look of trouble too well not to see it in your face. There is that on your brow which mocks at this world's wealth, that is a wasting cough, and despair, sickness of the body, sickness of the heart, either it, and I know it well, for it is the spot where affection never comes. I am dying lady, and I cannot leave my child to you, for you see no happiness in those deep blue eyes—not even in the strong coloring of that soft cheek. But there is a trial in her, lady, and if she is the trial, there is also the reward—and in that faith I leave her. Mimi, my darling, would that I had never spoken harsh to you, but you were dearer than the life-blood which would gladly have poured itself forth for your sake. Cling to her kind lady, she is your mother's only friend now. Death has no truth, or she will sound even now love.

The voice sank into an indistinct murmur—a gust of wind threw open the door of the latticed room, and the moonlight fell upon her face, and set features—the Electress looked upon the dead.

Sing me no more old songs to-night," Mimi. I am too sad already," said the Electress to a favorite singer, who, seated on a cushion at her feet, was singing an old German melody.

"Then I must sing a sad song, a change, both to Sophie and her companions. Mimi, dear child she is not quite so into the beautiful maiden, but she has not passed the dangerous line of childher age. Pensive, subdued, her soft voice was always touching, but when it sang some one whose telling some old legend to the youthful prince, or princess, there was a tender grief that had especial care. But Mimi's life had not been the kind which sympathy with the sorrowings of grief. Her childhood had been what Heaven's earth calls "not brought up, but dragged up," the lonely companion of a peasant grandmother, the poor and inhabitants of the Princess Court, had known luxury but in companion envy—and splendor and the daily exhibition of its wretchedness. Her look suffering in the parent of thought. Her heart had been left to itself, and love, the passion of her existence, and love taken the form of a dream, unconnected with sorrow. She soon saw that her mother's heart was broken, that the same robe could not control a heart that would not leap to the music of her voice. What a throbbing of the feverish temples, where the blue veins were swelling!

Sophie was used to a more regal atmosphere, her of youth, and the gaiety of the court, but some had been warned by the most simple and affectionate manner, that Mimi was to be her darling. Suddenly she was transported into a new sphere, and when, seated on a cushion at her feet, was singing an old German melody.

Mimi was much altered and lowlier than when she first came, but her soft pale face, fairer than the rose, and her large eyes were like the moonlight, melancholy and full of pensive thought.

"Leave me Mimi," said the Electress.

"Shall I sing another song, dear aunt. She was so anxious gone before her mistress half now to call her aunt, that it was a soft pale name of her companions. But there is an indulgence in the affection of a child, that is not felt by the slightest exertion obscene. Sophie took back in the huge Gothic chair, and again her thoughts wandered to the past, to the time when she was frequent and too dear. It was the face of the dead that called up the past, and the present rose before her, whose recent arrival in Hanover had been a few years of gold. It was not that the instinct of love is subtle, the Princess had not felt that her husband's heart was not with her. It is impossible to say in what a passion is born, and what manner it grows. It springs unbidden from the meanest of the human race, and rises of our nature, like cypress. It springs unbidden, and it is the same, and it is the same, and remained untouched for years, it may have wandered at the weakness of others for we cannot wonder with all our wisdom, but not the less does the fated instinct come at last, and then it will not resist. Yet her's was a gentle form—then we yield to the sweet enchantment of love, and it is vanished and vanished.

Years, long dreary years, had passed in the lonely hall of Hanover, and the heart of the child had consigned its contents. For years, for ever years, had the Princess heard the tramp of the mounted walls, and had dwelt only on the faces of her juniors. She had no communication with those of her own age, and the cause of this was the change which her mirror marked.

Sophie was not beautiful, but she was pleasing, and her bright hair was thin, and gray mingled with it. Sophie had been a beauty, and she knew that she was happy. She had risen with the sun the morning, and had watched the first beam that fell upon the three that yet remained in their soft green cradles, when the branches were put aside, and the Princess stood before the breathless and delighted child. A closer observer might have noted that a shadow had passed over the soft nature of those eyes, and the step, though as light and free, hesitated. A feeling had been enough to cloud that fair and sunny face. The restless heart of life are there.

"My grandmother is ill in bed said the child.

"We will go and see her," replied Sophie, who full-bred her little guide to a scene of whose misery she had not previous idea. She had but one room in the mud hovel, through whose crumbling walls the cold air rushed, and the rain trated, and the sunbeams now entered with a fitful autumnal light. A small heap of white embers smouldering on the hearth, and a ray of sunshine falling directly on it, had extinguished the fire, which had never been more than a few withered sticks. A wooden stool, an arm chair, but broken, and a three-legged table, were the only articles of furniture. Bed there was none; and the dying woman had no pillow but straw. Sophie started—so ghastly was the face which met her gaze.

"Mimi," said you would come," exclaimed a hollow voice," I can now die in peace.

The first thing for she saw was the wife of George of Hanover, knelt by the bedside. The floor was damp, and the child's face fixed there print upon the surface.

"The child will be soiled," muttered the old woman," but it matters not. Lady you are paler than when I last saw you. I know the look of trouble too well not to see it in your face. There is that on your brow which mocks at this world's wealth, that is a wasting cough, and despair, sickness of the body, sickness of the heart, either it, and I know it well, for it is the spot where affection never comes. I am dying lady, and I cannot leave my child to you, for you see no happiness in those deep blue eyes—not even in the strong coloring of that soft cheek. But there is a trial in her, lady, and if she is the trial, there is also the reward—and in that faith I leave her. Mimi, my darling, would that I had never spoken harsh to you, but you were dearer than the life-blood which would gladly have poured itself forth for your sake. Cling to her kind lady, she is your mother's only friend now. Death has no truth, or she will sound even now love.

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Serious Rail-road Accident.—We learn by a letter from Harrisburg, that a serious accident took place on Sunday last, on the Lancaster and Harrisburg Rail-road. The cars were descending a grade, when after turning a short curve, the engineer saw a large rock, which had been detached by the action of the frost, and rolled from the high bank on the road-side, laying in the centre of the track. He immediately reversed inside of the track. He immediately reversed the engine, but not soon enough to prevent the concussion. The action of the engine and the concussion. The action of the engine and the first car passed over the rock; the second one, a large and heavy passenger car, came full upon the obstruction. The concussion was terrific. All the eight wheels of the car were broken off, and the running gear wholly destroyed; yet, strange to tell, the car did not fall down. The wheels remained under the car after the axles which remained under the car after the axles were broken, and the car was dragged on, without being overturned, for the distance of one hundred and fifty-five yards. The rock out falling about seventy-five yards. The rock was dragged, about thirty feet, and the road is self torn up. It is impossible to account for the preservation of the car. Had it fallen, it would have been crushed and the following cars drag ged over it and dashed to pieces. The loss of life would have been very great as all the cars were crowded. Had the accident taken place at night, or had not the engineer immediately reversed the engine, twenty or thirty lives must have been lost.—*Penn. Sentinel.*

Philadelphia Wholesale Prices.

THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 8.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.

ASHES.		Date Pa.	36 37
Pots,	4 87½ 5 00	Rye,	70 75
Pearls,	4 75 5 00	Barley Eastern,	90 95
BUTTER.		Do. Penna.	
Lancaster,	17@ 18	MOLASSES.	
Extra best,	15	New Orleans,	44 45
No. 1,	13	Cuba,	
No. 2,	12	Sug. N. York,	47 50
CANDLES,	10	Do. Penna.	40 45
Sperm,	33 34	Do. Southern,	35 40
Mould tallow,	14 15	Do. Western,	30 35
Dip,	12 13	Porto Rico,	36 37
CHEESE.		Cuba, French bl.	41 42
Lehigh, com. to fair	8@ 10	Hav. & Matanzas,	39 40
Do. fine,	11@ 12	Cuba, Brown,	34 35
COFFEE, duty free		No 1. Mol.	31 32
Rio,	7½ 8	No. 2,	30 31
Laguayra,	7½ 8	No. 3,	28 29
Java,	11 12	Lumber.	
St. Domingo,	10 11	Spruce,	70 74
Porto Rico,	9 10	Hemlock,	50 52
Cuba,	9 10	White, pine,	80 90
Laguira,	9 10	Yellow pine,	80 90
COTTON, duty 3 cts per lb		on square,	1 00
Louisiana,	10 11	SEGARS.	
Mobile,	11 12	In Drawer, 3 $3	3 50
N. Ala. and Tenn.	10 11	Schuylkill, 3 50	3 75
N. Carolina,	10@ 12	SEGARS.	
S. Carolina,	11@ 12	Penn. Seed, 3 $3	3 50
Upland,	9 10	Flavored, 4 00	4 50
FREIGHTS.		Quantity load, 3 50	3 75
To Liverpool, per canal		Hams, Loads,	
FLOUR and MEAL.	5 75	Sides, Loads,	3 75
Superfine, 30		Sides,	
Fine,		Rye in bbls,	31 33
Extra,	5 12½ 5 50	Do. in bulk,	30 32
Rye,		do from wagon,	29 30
Indian meal,		Oats,	
Penna. Navy flours		Penna.	
		Southern,	
Ass. wash fly bbl.	4	Ass. wash fly bbl.	4
Do. do.	4	Do. do.	4
Wheat fly,	3 75	Do. do.	4
Do. Indian meal,	3 75	Do. do.	4
Sup'r. pearl lamb,	3	Sup'r. pearl lamb,	3
Do. do.	3	Do. do.	3
Cash C. C. white,	80	Cash C. C. white,	80
Do. C. mixed,	78	Do. C. mixed,	78

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post.

By WM. A. BUDD, 32 South 3d Street.

MARCH 9, 1838.

	Amount.	Par.	Offer.	Amount.
Loans.				
Phila.	1840	100	100	1st Jan.
Penna.	1834	100	100	1 & 1st Jan.
Do. 5 per cent.	1836	100	99	1837
Do. 5 per cent.	1836	100	103½	
Do.	1837	100	100	
Do.	1833	100	99	100
Do.	1829	100	100	100
Do.	1840			102½
Do.	1841	100	100	103
Do.	1842	100	102	103
Do.	1843	100	104	104
Do.	1852	100	102½	106
Do.	1856	100	104	107
Do.	1856	100	104	
Do.	1857	100	104	107
Do.	1861	100	104½	107
Do.	1862	100	104½	107
Do.	1863	100	104½	107
Do.

...es, Jan. 11.
...E ROYAL EXCHANGE
...garded almost as a
...et night—the Royal
...t is destructive fire
...commercial build-
...ent in Europe. Soon
...fire broke out in
...northeast corner of
...k. It was soon dis-
...tchmen, who gave
...diately repaired
...were sent to the fire
...ived no signal of it
...t. Considerable dif-
...obtaining entrance to
...s was accomplished
...y window in the gra-
...ack. An entrance-
...ch neighborhood was
...who held the mean
...the building instant-
...of their goods. It was
...hole building would
...ding with a rush for
...square. Winterceus-
...ere, Schoolhouse lane,
...ets, with those being-
...the country offices,
...with 63 of the fire
...ld hold the mass
...uld be thrown on the
...than the hose and
...ursing hot water upon
...e delay. Large
...intense frost, there
...ding the engines, and
...ing of the water
...of the long range of
...Exchange, Pultney
...and Lloyd's establish-
...e captain's room, and
...ed the whole of the
...up to a great height.
...Bartholomew's, St.
...churches
...h and west sides of the
...s and the Royal Ex-
...ese tower, which was
...ed by fire. Had it
...o have the least effect,
...ery thing in their
...ntly engines were at
...ood they seemed to do,
...ntents of the engines
...ns reached the tower,
...ment of the water was
...Mansion-house street,
...ed the fire, and had
...ded the tower, it's all
...of the frightful confla-
...e awful to the extreme.
...ge was completely en-
...ames on the gilt ball,
...es could scarcely pur-
...ed strong wind blew
...60 feet in height, was re-
...ll fell, one after the
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...ost, and the hands pos-
...ble amount of property
...melting the flame be-
...n a few hours after-
...northwest and south-
...ding were burnt down
...ed roof, thereby
...the range of shops and
...ding Exchange, the
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...under at this moment
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...ock in trade for the pur-
...ose goods in the course
...ld in places in safety, but
...ortune could not be got
...was sacrificed. At low
...morning this statement
...was blowing fresh at the
...ed over the roofs of the
...body of flames. The re-
...t, shared the fate of the
...ing warehouses in lower-
...t of the main building
...ed the house
...Sweeting's alley, with
...ge of Exchange, and
...ed the Royal Exchange
...ed the Royal Exchange
...ed the Royal Exchange

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life, That gives it all its flavour.

AN IRISH BLUNDER, WITHOUT A BULL.

Colonel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a rogue
As ever took snuff or rapp per cent. per plague,
Having got a French snuff-box, of *paper machee*,
Which to open required much pains, do you see,
Always kept a hem! superfine in hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it,
As, by tugging and wedging it under the lid,
He came at his tatur, that was under it hid;
But one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his tatur, but all to no end;
Till at last 'twas the pocket and lining he found it;
When in rage he cry'd—" Arrah, the devil confound it!

If regrage you don't serve me the rame trick again,
Nor to make me after thus beating in vain!
So opening the box by the help of the rame,
And look ng in case till he coodie was done,
He chuck'd in the c-se, and exclaim'd, with a shrug,
While taitr went the rat down—" So there you're snug!
And, my tide and seek friend, I beg leave to remind
ye,
That, the next time I want ye, I'll know where to find ye.'

DARNED SAVAGE.—An orator named Savage, at the conclusion of a discourse he had delivered against the prosperity of the female sex for long tuition, asked a friend what he thought of it.—"Think of it? Why I think you're *darned*, Savage!" was the witty reply.

The following anecdote is a good illustration of the absence of mind. A traveller, stopped in his way by a torrent, asked a villager, on the opposite bank, to show him a ford. "Go in the right! shouted the countryman. He takes the right, and is drowned. The other runs to the river.—"Oh! how unfortunate! I did not tell him to go to the right, but you."

A courtier was praising an old lady for her beauty. "Beauty, said the ancient, 'is inconsistable with age.' "Parsons me, replied the flatterer; "we say beautiful as an angel, and of all created things angels are the oldest.'

A wag of a fellow, by some unlucky accident, made a small rent in his pantaloons. His wife, lady discovering his linen upon the chair under him, and thinking it a napkin, attempted to dust it very unsuccessfully. The fellow tearing what was going on seized the collar of his shirt with both hands, exclaiming, "By Jolly, you must tear the collar off before you get it.

A female college with power to confer degrees, is in contemplation in Massachusetts. Sixty sixty young ladies are now receiving instruction in the institution. The whole land will soon be overspread with feminine doctors of laws.

The Supreme Court of Vermont granted a bill of divorce to Mr. Thomas and Mrs Rosalana Johnson on the 14th, upon complaint of "intolerable severity," and they were married again in three days afterwards.

Two sons of Hibernia being a-docking, Pat discovered a large bed of clacks close by the shore. After having his purse swelled for about five minutes, his companion asked him why he did nt fire? Pat replied—"By morels, I can't never get 'em at one, but there's another swims right between him and me.

A once hairy scuttle sat down to dinner, and a well combed calf's head was laid on the table. The lady, who was carving, asked her husband if he would a say of the brains, as she thought he wanted some. "No, my love, he replied, 'but I'll take some of the tongue, as I think you have too much.

A PUN IS ENOW.—"Well, Charley," said a gentleman this morning to his hard black, "how do you get along these hard times?" "Oh, well, massa, we *rub* and go.—*Transcript*.

The Boston Post tells the following. "How do you like Crabbes Tales" —said a love-sick swain to his Dulcinea, one evening, after finishing Tales of the Hall.—"Why, I can't say, answered, I never eats any *crab tails*, but am strongly fond of roasted frog *tails*."

A quick witted son of the Green Isle, on entering the village of Aberlady last season, observed a hearse and mourning coach of the aristocratic order, begging. He immediately marched straight to the mutse, and asked to see the minister. After a little hesitation, he was admitted him to the study. Pat immediately slapped my along side the minister, and whispered into his ear, "Your reverence will please give me something in private, and let nobody know of it transaction it. Pat's plan answered the purpose. The minister was amused at the humour of the fellow, and gave him a trifle. Pat returned to his companions asking down blessings on the minister and his wife and children—good luck to the whole of them.

A REAL ANECDOTE.—The following anecdote was sent to us some time since by a correspondent who vouches for its authenticity; it is to us old Joe Miller ramped up, but as it contains a *delle* occurrence

In the county of M——, (Ga.) during November of 1837, Deacon——, who was excessively fond of the chase, attending a meeting, taking a blessing here which he brings all to the of the Church. The Rev. Mr. J——, in the progress of his discourse, becoming animated, exclaimed, "For ought you know, the Archangel's trumpet may be now over your heads!" The aforesaid, awaken'ed dead, and some to judgment." The Deacon, who had taken an active part in the interest, anxiously interrupted the Reverend gentleman, and earnestly replied, "Brother J. but and Gabriel's trumpet hanging over my head, does it's my blowing horn. what I call no Trust and Trump with when I go to kitch a fox."—*Boston Commercial Gazette*.

A SCENE IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE.—A laughable scene was witnessed in the Hall of Representatives of that State, last Saturday. The House proceeded to elect an Associate Judge for the Court of Common Pleas of Jackson county, and the member from that county, contrary to his wish and much to his surprise, received a majority of the votes for that office. He was sworn in for the usual term, and when the votes were being counted, his eyes flashed fire, and he looked considerable things. When the votes were announced forty-one votes for him, he looked over with rage, and addressed the speaker with great vehemence as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, I am no stranger to this House. The Prince Lemonade, and counted eleven more for him. He rose again and said: "I said, sir, that there were forty-one scoundrels in this House. I have since ascertained that there are eleven more. No indignant was he that he resigned his seat.—*Cincinnati Advocate*.

A WEDDING RING.—Horses were scarce at the first settlement in this country. It is not recorded that they were introduced into Plymouth Colony under about twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims, but the young folks would have their rules, notwithstanding. One Miss Abbey was married—and John Alden was a great man in his day, a wonderful magistrate he said a counsellor, and a comely man withal, and great favorite with the ladies, insomuch that he made nothing at all of 'courting out, the retorted Capt. Standish, who cut many like locks like wildfire, when John Alden was married, there were great carrying on about Capt. Coil, where he wooed and won the Colonel's niece Standish. Miss Priscilla Mullens the great belle of the Cape and Colony. He was determined to do the thing up stylish, as became a gentleman, so he got it from his bulls nose, mounted and back with a power of broadcloth, mounted and rode to the wedding. Miss Priscilla might not be proud of such a husband, and to prove herself worthy of him, she resolutely mounted the bull at the wedding home, and ambled along without fear, while her gallant spouse led him by the nose, and then introduced to the ladies of his relations. The gentlemen who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestor of some of the best families in the country—including members of Congress, Heads of Colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.—*Easter Star*.

Franklin was very intimate with Baily, their acquaintance had begun in a very singular manner. Bailey had a country house at Chaillot; it was there he retired to work at his ease. Chance led the latter into philosophy to the same spot. Baily, hearing of his arrival, hastened to pay him a visit, and was received in a most cordial manner. Franklin, who already knew him by reputation.—"Good morning, Mr. Franklin, how do you do?"—"Very well, sir." After these words were exchanged, Baily sat by the side of Franklin, and, for fear of embarrassment, waited till he first should begin the conversation. Franklin, naturally taciturn, and more taciturn in his quality of Ambassador, did not prefer a single word, After a silence of some length, Baily, to encourage a beginning, offered Franklin a pinch of snuff. This dumb interview lasted above an hour. At length Baily rose, Franklin accompanied him to the door, and gave him a hearty shake of the hand, with the words "Very well, two great men.

BEAU NASH.—The celebrated Beau Nash, who was long Master of the ceremonies and the courtesy "King of Bath," was a sleeping partner in one of the most thriving of the Bath Gambling-houses. Connected with his transactions in this line we give the following curious anecdotes, which will show, that whatever were the defects in bad thus sufficiently populated the young nobleman for his infatuation. Nash read him a lecture on the flagrant impropriety so attempting to make money by gambling, when poverty cannot be pleaded in mitigation of such conduct; after which he returned him all his winnings, merely exacting from him a promise that he would never play again! Not less generously did he behave to an Oxford student, who had come to spend the long vacation at Bath. This youth borrowed, who also affected to be a gamester, was lucky enough to win a large sum of money from our beau, and after the game was ended, was called by him to his chamber.—"Pertain, Nash, you think I have asked you for the purpose of securing my revenge; but I can assure you that I am of too noble a temper in requiring your company is to see you on your guard, and to entreat you to be warned by my experience, and to forbear to play as you would the Devil. This w strang advice to come from a dice-box; but I was but a youth and inexperience, and am convinced that you do not suspect from you are, you will be infallibly ruined." Nash was right. A few nights afterwards, having lost his entire fortune at the gaming table, the young man blew his brains out!—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

At the surrender of the British forces under the command of Earl Cornwallis, at York town, Oct. 19, 1781, the ceremony of the presentation of the sword of the conquered to the victor by the British army to the immortal Washington was to be accompanied by the simultaneous ceremony of striking the royal flag, and the elevation of the American flag. The American soldiers, whose duty it was to raise the Columbian flag, found it utterly impracticable, in consequence of the flag-staff having been pressed by some of the British soldiers, who were determined to place as many difficulties in the way as possible.

An American Sergeant—resolved to succeed —climbed his lofty mark with the agility of a boy, and, with indomitable perseverance, triumphed over every obstacle. Amid the deafening shouts of thousands, saw his country's flag wave over the field of victory. Lieut. Allen, Lieutenant D'Estay, of Captain John Irwin's company of artillery, and the Sergeant himself, jumped upon the ramparts, and in the enthusiasm produced by the glorious spectacle, sang with tremendous energy the last stanzas of the song. The "barrahs—the "stollone, D'Estay—and the gratulations of his brother officers—the cheers